

# :- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### King's Rest.

By ELEANOR RAMSEY.  
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HALF way to Rodney's Tumble It stood, a ramshackle, lopsided claim-staker's shack, half leaning against the mountainside. Old King had lived in it for over thirty-five years.

Jean drew rein in front of it. She was dead tired with the long ride up from Castle Crag. The captain had literally fallen in his tracks as soon as they had reached their own cabin, and Jean had started out to forage. Fresh water was the greatest need, with night coming on, and the river rumbling somewhere out of sight down in the gulch.

King came out at her half and stared at her. It had been about a year and ten months since he had seen a woman, at least a real, civilized one like Jean. There was the Indian half-breed woman who came up the trail some-times hunting herbs, but no other. And here, just outside the door of his old shack, was a girl, well groomed and mounted on a mountain type, but city-bred to her gloved fingertips.

"I'm Jean Hartley," she said, cordially. "Capt. Hartley's daughter. We're your new neighbors down the gulch, and we just got home. Father's all tired out, but I'm hunting a spring. Do you know where there is one?"

Did he? Old King hesitated into the shack and got a couple of water pails down from nails on the wall and started ahead of her down the trail. When they came to the break in the underbrush he showed her how the ground was all moist and green and where the spring bubbled up out of the rock back from the trail. Then he carried the water for her down to the cabin, and they found a captain, genial and optimistic, with a small head off over his shoulder. Old King nodded and said:

"Well, start every morning for the old shaft, and each day I think to myself maybe I'll hit it right today. Been doing that for thirty-five years, but that don't rattle me a bit. The gold's here, and the day's got to dawn when some of us find it. That's all."

Jean used to recall those words during the months that followed. Each day the captain would start out for his diggings, and often she saw old King coming along the trail, hearty and optimistic, swinging off his cap to her.

"Maybe it's today, Miss Jean," he'd call. And Jean would smile and wave her hand back. She knew the mining game. Hadn't she been born up in a mining camp eighteen years before, high in the Nevada mountains? Then the captain had struck luck and they had gone east to live, the baby and the slim young mother, back to the civilization where they belonged. And after years of comfort and surety the two blows had fallen almost together, the passing of Jean's mother and the crash of the captain's fortune in rash speculation.

"But don't you mind, honey girl," he

Here is the latest in boudoir costumes—knickerbockers! Ann Murdock, McClure movie star, is shown wearing them.

The knickers are purple satin over a lingerie slip. The robe is a net over her shoulders is of printed silk in futuristic colors.

The knickers may not be confined only to the boudoir, but can make a comfortable costume for housework, for they do not hamper the housewife, as skirts do.



He was the only person who could make Matatao smile. Her brown, wrinkled face would crinkle up every time she saw him, and her slow black eyes follow his figure lovingly. Once she came upon them both, standing on the trail high above the timber line at sun down on Lookout rock. Dave leaned toward the girl longingly, his face aglow with love, his lips framing quick, broken words of pleading, and Matatao stood like a statue watching until she saw him take Jean in his arms, when she slipped out of sight back into the undergrowth.

It was night when Stanley came up to the cabin. He was spent with the long ride and out of humor. Jean stood by the table as he entered and the captain rose with all his old time dignity. But Stanley was excited and nervous.

"How are you, captain, and you, Jean?" I heard some old Indian woman on the trail. It was dark and the horse was stumbling. She's down there now—

He got no further. Jean was out of the door and flying down the trail. She knew every step of the way even in the dark. Matatao had dragged herself out of the path into the bushes like a wounded animal. She lay with her face upturned to the light of the new moon just slipping down over the shoulder of old King Mountain. Jean knelt by her, lifting her in her strong, young arms, but the old Indian squaw shook her head.

"Me go fast," she whispered. "Tell Dave gold—under—King's Rest."

As old King said afterward, it was just like an Indian to get humor out of seeing you grub for thirty-five years after gold, and not know you had built your shack right square over the vein. Dave and he buried Matatao on Lookout Point, and the day Stanley heard from Jean that his trip was all too late,

had said cheerily. "We'll go back to where it grows in the mountains."

It had not been hard to take up a claim in Lost Horse Gulch region. There had not been a strike there in the memory of man, but the captain had run across a miner outward bound from the mountains, and had heard from him of the prospects there. He had taken over his cabin and belongings for a nominal sum, and they were fairly settled now, gold hunters and rainbow chasers, as Jean used to think sometimes. Once in a while she would

dered why Stanley had never answered her letter, breaking their engagement. It was right, she felt, after the financial crash, not to hold him, but she had thought he might have answered. The surprising part was that, as the months slipped by, her own feelings toward him had changed completely; there was only left the regret that he had not faced the issue with more manliness.

One morning old King stopped with news. His face was aglow with eagerness.

"Dave's back home," he announced. "He's my boy, not by any blood ties, but I took him when he was a little shaver after his paw died and brought him up. He's been away to school, mining school, or school of mines, and he'll be home tomorrow. You talk to him."

But even that did not prepare Jean for Dave as he was. She rode early the next morning over to where the captain was at work, and half way down the trail she met him—tall, brown eyed, bare headed, his shirt open at the throat, with a tame gray squirrel on one shoulder and a dog at his heels. He had walked down to the main road, he said, to get the mail sack when the stage went by. And he handed her a letter from Stanley. She opened and read it, after the big, brown-eyed boy had gone on up toward King's Rest.

"When I began to miss you and realized how lonely you must be I felt like a dog not to have answered your letter, but it staggered me at the time, of course, and I admired you for your stand. Now I've wakened up, Jean, and by the time you get this I'll be on my way west to you, dear, patient, brave little girl."

That was part of it. Jean stood and smiled thoughtfully. Stanley could be very quaint at times in his serene egotism.

"You know, honey girl," the captain said some day later, "since that boy Dave came back things seem to have brightened all up. He knows more about the right way to get quick results than anybody I ever saw. And he says, too, the Indians have always known where the gold ran, but they wouldn't tell. Seems like a fine boy."

Jean said nothing, but bent a little lower over her mending. Even a week had taught her that the day was brighter if Dave came down the trail from King's Rest.

## RUSSIAN MIDDIE IS NEW BLOUSE.



By BETTY BROWN.

The middie blouse is taking on fine airs. Behold this one in pale yellow pussy willow taffeta gorgeously embroidered in blue, green and gold. The fluffy cuffs are Georgette crepe in pale blue. The belt is faced with blue.

Of course, this lovely garment is not officially known as a "middie" blouse. It has been renamed a Russian blouse. It is a Fashion Art League of America design, by the way, which means it has class in the fashion world.

## :- CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

When I arrived at the hotel after my morning talk with Malcolm Stuart, I found Mollie just out of bed.

She remarked on my improved appearance and I told her how well I felt.

"I am glad," she said, little book. "for I have just received a wire from Chad. Dick and he will be here this evening."

"That will be splendid," I said heartily, "for then Dick can meet Malcolm Stuart."

Hardly had I spoken when the telephone bell rang and Malcolm called Mollie to the phone.

"I am awfully sorry, dear Mrs. Mollie," he said, "but I have just received a message from Dr. Virot and he tells me I must meet him immediately in Philadelphia. Something has come up about the hospital that demands attention at once. We will have to postpone our little dinner until later."

"It almost looks as though fate had designed that Dick and Malcolm Stuart should never meet," I said when Mollie told me what Malcolm had said.

"Have they never met?" asked Mollie in astonishment.

"No. You see, I never saw Malcolm except at Eliene's and then down here, but I feel that by recommending Dr. Virot to me he saved my life, and you can't feel very formal with a man who has done you a great service, can you?"

"I should like tremendously to have Dick meet him," I said, "for while they are totally different, I think they would like each other."

"I don't," said Mollie laconically.

"Why?" I asked in surprise.

"Because Dick is a man's man and Malcolm Stuart is a woman's man."

"What do you mean by a man's man and a woman's man, Mollie?"

"Well," said Mollie, hesitatingly. "A man's man is a man every other man likes because, as a rule, he likes men better than women. He is always somewhat arrogant, and in the recesses of his own heart, has no particular use for a woman with brains. If she is pretty and soft and cuddly and has enough brains to look up to him, she is very apt to be his ideal woman."

"He never tries to understand her because he never thinks there is anything about her that needs to be understood. He is the kind of man who really does not want you to know very much."

"Occasionally he falls in love with a clever woman in spite of her brains as Dick did with you, but I always feel rather sorry for the woman a man of this kind marries, as he is never happy if she has the slightest disposition to differ with him."

"He lacks tolerance where women are concerned. He will listen to other men's opinions and often be convinced by their argument, but he will never

er pay that much deference to a woman. He likes to talk business with a man, he likes to tell a risqué story, he is proud of being called a man with red blood in his veins.

"Dear, a man's man thinks this is a man's world and that everything in it, including woman, is made for him to do with what he will."

"My dear Mollie," I interrupted, "you are not describing a very delightful human being."

"Oh, a man of this kind can be most delightful to a woman if it suits his purpose. He can appear the humblest of suitors if he has anything to gain by it. I think he is quite fascinating to most women as they are always trying to change his mind in regard to the sex. But they can't do it, my dear. His mind is as immobile as the laws of the Medes and the Persians."

"The other man?" I questioned.

"He is all that the man's man is not. Chad is a woman's man—artistic, moody, with almost feminine intuition—always ready to give a woman the benefit of a doubt. This man must have a woman to talk to or he is not happy. Such, too, is Malcolm Stuart—a dangerous man if he shows more than passing interest in a woman. He understands us too well; he is too sympathetic, too tolerant, too understanding."

"And yet, Margie, I am not sure that the woman's man is any easier to live with than the man's man. It is a question which set of virtues you like best and which set of faults you can best excuse."

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM HAD TO MAKE THE BEST OF HIS TIME.)—BY ALLMAN.



Osgood's  
for  
Quality

ANNOUNCE A

## Reduction Sale of MILLINERY!

Beginning Wednesday Morning, we place on Sale for final Clearance all our Trimmed Hats, Untrimmed Shapes, Fancy Feathers, Ostrich, Paradise, Gaura, Pheasant, Ribbons, Velvets, Plushes, Silks, Satins, Flowers and all Imported Novelties at

1/2 to 1/3 PRICE!

## Trimmed Hats in these groups

Table No. 1  
Value to \$5.00

at  
**\$1.00**  
Each

Table No. 2  
Value to \$7.50

at  
**\$2.00**  
Each

Table No. 3  
Value to \$10.00

at  
**\$3.50**  
Each

Dave struck the vein of rich quartz under King's Rest.

"And captain," he said when he brought the news to the cabin, "it flows right down into your claim, too, so we're all going to win out."

But the captain was too busy with old King to talk, and Dave stepped into the cabin. Stanley had left at sundown.

"I wanted to leave you alone after I heard he'd come," Dave said, slowly. "I didn't know—"

"Didn't you, Dave, honestly?" she asked, laughing up at him. "Weren't you sure yet?"

## HEALTH HINTS

Colds are the most common of all infections. There are just two principles to remember in order to avoid them. First avoid all possible exposure to cold infections. Second, build up your vitality so that you can overcome all the infection that you cannot avoid.

In the fight against colds, fresh air is a double acting preventive. In the first place it dilutes and destroys the cold infection from those having colds, minimizing the victim's danger of infecting others.

On the other hand it is the best of all tonics for building up the system. There is nothing so simple, cheap and tasty for every one to get as fresh air. Sleep with your windows open summer and winter. Sleep warm in winter by using plenty of light, warm blankets. Have fresh air in the living room, office and shop by placing incline boards, or pieces of glass across the lower part of the window and then raising the lower sash from six to ten inches. The incoming fresh

air will be deflected toward the ceiling. This prevents a draft and gives an agreeable mixture of air all over the room. The deflectors may be fastened in place by cleats or adjusted by means of small chains.

To avoid cold infection, keep away from the careless cougher, sneezer and spitter. It is through coughing, sneezing and spitting rather than through normal breathing that the germs from the lungs, throat and nose are sprayed into the atmosphere and breathed in by others.

The mouth and teeth should not be kept as a menagerie for bacteria. Brush the teeth at least twice a day and keep them in good repair at all times.

In treating a cold, begin early. The earlier the better. First of all secure prompt, free and easy bowel action. A hot foot bath should also be taken and the patient should then go to bed. Rest, fresh air, abundance of water and free bowel action are the prime factors in promoting a speedy cure.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED  
E. T.: "What is the normal blood pressure for a man of 36?"  
From 120 to 130.

## Regents to Meet at Morgantown

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Dec. 27.—Secretary J. F. Marsh of the State Board of Regents, announced that a meeting of the board will be held in Morgantown, January 4 and 5, so that the members may acquaint themselves with the work of the farmers' school, which will be in progress that week at the state university. A number of teachers will be selected by the board to fill vacancies in some of the normal schools.

## KAISER'S GRANDSON BORN TO PRINCESS!



PRINCESS MARIE AUGUSTE  
Princess Joachim of Prussia has given birth to a son, the tenth grandchild of the kaiser and the fourth born during the war. The princess is wife of the kaiser's youngest son.